

# The Bethel News.

VOLUME XIII.—NUMBER 11.

BETHEL, MAINE, WEDNESDAY, JULY 31, 1907.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

## CAMPS AND HOMES.

Now is the time to supply your Camps and Homes with such necessities as Blankets, Bed Spreads, Sheets, Pillow Slips. These goods will be higher a little later, so it will be a great saving to buy early.

BLANKETS, 10-4, in gray and white with fancy border, only 30c.  
BLANKETS, 11-4, in gray and white with fancy border, 30c., \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.99, \$2.99, \$3.99.  
BED SPREADS, in full size, neat patterns and easy to wash, 99c.  
BED SPREADS, in the finer qualities and very desirable where you are fitting up a room in a more attractive manner, both in the plain and fringe, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.87, \$1.99, \$2.50, \$3.50.  
BED SPREADS, cut corner, suitable for iron beds, pretty patterns, \$1.37, \$1.50, \$1.99.

SHEETS, 72x90, bleached, good quality, 50c.  
SHEETS, 81x90, bleached, 3 inch hem, 75c.  
SHEETS, Pequot make, extra heavy deep hem, 87 1/2c.  
UNBLEACHED SHEETS, good quality, full size, 72 1/2c.  
PILLOW SLIPS, 42x36, of good cotton, 12 1/2c. and 15c.  
PILLOW SLIPS, 42x36 1/2, extra quality, deep hem, 25c.

**Thomas Smiley**  
Norway, Maine.

Glasses Warranted  
**Specialist**  
If you want the best of glasses see Dr. Parmenter. Why? Because he repairs all broken-up Spectacles for one year free. Also inserts your lenses against all breakage. I warrant lenses against all breakage. I make good all broken lenses. Have your lenses insured by me. Examinations or consultations free. There are some of the reasons why you should get your optical work here. Artificial Eyes.  
**DR. PARMENTER.**  
EYE SPECIALIST  
NORWAY, ME. Tel 184 MAINE.

**\$81.392.**  
Deposit—June 21st.  
Shows that our deposits are growing.  
**DO YOU KEEP A BANK ACCOUNT?**  
If not, open one with us.  
We want small as well as large accounts. If you are banking elsewhere, why not patronize your own bank? That's business and loyalty to your town's interests and you will feel better when you do it. Try it.  
**We Strive to Use You Well.**

**BETHEL NATIONAL BANK**  
E. C. Vandenkercckhoven  
PHOTOGRAPHER.  
Main Street.  
BETHEL, MAINE.

**WANTED.**  
**ANATLAS OF OXFORD COUNTY, ME.**  
in good condition.  
Apply to FRED MERRILL,  
339p Bethel Bank.

**FOR SALE.**  
Automobile touring car, 1906, 30 horse-power, in first class condition with all appliances and extras. Car newly varnished. A big trade for money. Price \$1000.00. Inquire of E. C. Newell, Bethel, Me., or J. T. McCarthy, Lewiston, Me.

## THE NEWS ABOUT TOWN

### ITEMS OF INTEREST PICKED UP BY THE NEWS MAN.

Mr. Kane spent Sunday in Bangor with his parents.  
A great offer and a great saving at this sale. F. H. Noyes Co.  
Mr. Young is to take the position of engineer at the chair factory.  
The Ladies' Club will meet with Mrs. Edmund Holt Thursday afternoon.  
Walter Chandler and family made a short visit to Bethel Saturday and Sunday.  
Mrs. James Hammonds of Colbrook, N. H., is spending a few weeks in Bethel.  
Mrs. Helen Emery and little Helen returned to their home in Riddellville last Friday.  
Wear our clothes and then you'll know why so many people buy here. F. H. Noyes Co.  
Harold and Francis Chandler of Norway are visiting their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Chandler.  
Miss Mabel Nelson of Augusta has been visiting her brother, Mr. J. W. Nelson, at Dr. R. R. Tibbitts'.

Mrs. Hephzibah Mason went to Gorham Saturday to remain a short time with her daughter, Mrs. Steve Rynd.  
Mr. L. B. Hopkins was in Gorham and Berlin, N. H., a few days last week, in the interest of W. P. Smith Co. of Boston.  
Mrs. Edward Stanley and little daughter are visiting Mrs. Stanley's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Bowker of Bryant's Pond.

The members of the News force were very pleasantly entertained at the home of Miss Lida Arnes Thursday evening, the occasion being Miss Arnes' birthday. The evening was spent in much refreshment of ice cream and cake were served.

The W. C. T. U. met with Miss Ryan last Tuesday afternoon and had an interesting program, Miss Anna Jordan's life being the subject. Miss Jordan is known among all interested in temperance work, and her work with the children is wonderfully successful.

A box supper, entertainment and a social at the Hall Aug. 6th. Come to supper and pay 15 cents for a box and an evening's entertainment. Those who are unable to come to supper can come to the entertainment and get 15 cents worth of fun.

The W. C. T. U. will next with Mrs. Andrews Tuesday, Aug. 6th. A sketch of the life of Lady Henry Somerset, being the World's President of the W. C. T. U., will be taken up, also incidents in the life of the newly elected World's President, President, Secretary of Canada.

Mrs. Mary Benson, who has been ill for several years at the 1131 Feltown House, Worcester, Mass., passed away last Saturday. Mrs. Benson has spent several months in Bethel and will be pleasantly remembered. She was a sister to Mrs. Harriet Rich. Interment was at her former home in Plymouth, Mass.

The friends of Mrs. Minnie Harding of New Castle, N. H., will congratulate her upon the honors which came to her daughter, Miss Louise Manning, at her graduation from the "Hillside Ladies' College," where she has been a student for the past two years. Besides having the class presidency, Miss Manning won the Governor General's prize, a beautiful gold medal, and the Royal medal. On one side are the profiles of King George, the Governor General of Canada and his Consort, with the words, "His Excellency Earl Grey, G. C. M. G., and Countess Grey; on the reverse side are his coat of arms and "Presented by His Excellency the Governor General." Miss Manning was the first American born pupil to receive this prize, and was also the recipient of a beautiful book of songbooks for her high part sent in half term examinations. Her friends wish an unqualified success to her future efforts in advanced work which she hopes to take up. Mrs. Manning was a student at Gould's Academy, and many friends will read with pleasure of the honors won by her daughter.

Mrs. Mary Benson, who has been ill for several years at the 1131 Feltown House, Worcester, Mass., passed away last Saturday. Mrs. Benson has spent several months in Bethel and will be pleasantly remembered. She was a sister to Mrs. Harriet Rich. Interment was at her former home in Plymouth, Mass.

WANTED.—Small farm near town or village. Must be cheap for cash. State full particulars. Address, W. R. NOBLE, Georgetown, Me. N1141p

**FOR SALE.**—Two horse mowing machine, 5 foot cut, in good repair. Also buggy wagon, nearly new. Inquire of F. J. RUSSELL, Bethel, N1024p

**LOST.**—In Bethel about June 21st, a Ford automobile. Finder will be suitably rewarded by notifying H. F. THURSTON, Newry, Me. N1531

**FOR SALE.**—Horse, Boot and shoe shop, with modern machine and tools. Store in front room, repair shop in back. Two cars over shop, together with a paying business. A modern, elegantly furnished hotel, with good patronage. A beautiful lot of land, 500 acres, every modern convenience. A boarding house and 200 acres of land. I can save you money. Time and see. HAZEN T. FARM and REAL ESTATE AGENCY, Oxford, Maine, N1041

## SUMMER JEWELRY.

**CUFF PINS.**  
Gold and gold filled, many pretty patterns in these handy little pins, prices are from 25c. to \$2.00 a pair.

**LINK BUTTONS.**  
Solid gold, filled and silver, attractive buttons at attractive prices, 50c. to \$5.00.

**FOBS.**  
Both ladies and gentlemen now wear fobs; they are used on all occasions, gold filled and silk fobs, many different patterns costing from 35c. to \$4.50.

These are only three items out of an unusually large showing of jewelry for a town of this size.

**Edward King,**  
Bethel, Maine.

**CLASS OF 1887.**  
Friday, July 26th, from three until six p. m., a very delightful occasion was the gathering of eleven former schoolmates of Gould's Academy at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Hastings, in honor of Mabel Hastings Skinner. In spite of the rain, Mr. Skinner with his "machine" started for some of the invited guests who live out of town, and it was so good of him—but for some reason he returned without our friends and schoolmates, Han Jewett Goodwin and Carrie Lane Harlow.  
In the midst of the merry "chit chat" of by-gone days, enlivened by Edith Ruth's presence, our hostess remarked that we would have our pictures taken, so all hastened to the lawn, were seen placed in position, and were told to look pleasant. I should judge that the picture could not be surpassed as to subjects, for we all had on our company manners. Returning to the house we listened to a delightful program consisting of piano solo, Miss Edith Hall; reading, Miss Edith Hastings; vocal solo, Miss Jane Gibson. Miss Gibson, Hastings and Hall deserve much praise, as these three talented young ladies are a whole entertainment in themselves. The piano solo were rendered charmingly. Miss Edith Hastings with her strong individuality, at once, as she always does, her fine ability and her great gift for her chosen work. Miss Gibson sang in her own pleasing manner, which always appeals most keenly to her listeners. Certainly one cannot say too much in praise of these young ladies, and all join in wishing them great success in their future.  
Last, but not least, Mrs. Hastings, with the help of Eugene and Richard Skidmore, served delicious refreshments, and all went to their homes rejoicing that they had seen one of the best of the class of 1887.

**SANBORN-BROOKS.**  
A very quiet but pretty wedding occurred last Wednesday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Sanborn, where their only daughter, Edith V., was united in marriage with Mr. Harry L. Brooks. Promptly at high noon to the strains of the wedding march played by Miss Eva Trudelle, the bridal party assembled in the parlor, which had been prettily decorated with evergreen and daisies within an arch of green and beneath a ball of daisies the solemn words which made these young people one and wife were spoken by Rev. F. H. McManis. The double ring service being used. Only the near relatives and a few intimate friends were present.  
The bride was very becomingly gowned in white tulle and was attended by Miss Agnes Brooks; Mr. Robert Sanborn acted as best man.  
After a delicious wedding breakfast the wedding dress was changed for a pretty traveling suit of blue, and the happy couple departed. It is understood that Mr. and Mrs. Brooks are well known in Bethel, both having attended Gould's Academy. Mrs. Brooks being a graduate. Mr. Brooks is a graduate of Bethel's Business College and is a few years from the position of manager for E. H. White & Co. of Bethel.  
Many friends wish them a long and happy life.

**DRANK WOOD ALCOHOL.**  
From drinking wood alcohol and witchhazel, Frank Paris, a Newville, Mass., was died in Bethel, Saturday morning. He was 35 years old and had been living in Bethel for some time. Mr. Paris was employed by William Gregg of Andover recently. Mr. Gregg is the well known horseman and Paris was his caretaker and driver of his track horses.  
He was found in an intoxicated condition on the streets Thursday and was arrested, his hearing being held Friday. He was released late Friday afternoon and complained of not feeling very well.  
Friday evening he was found in Newville very ill and was taken to the home of E. M. Nyerson, where a physician was called at 10 p. m. and again later during the night. It was there that he died Saturday morning. It is not thought this is a case of suicide, but a fatal mistake.  
He has no family of his own, as far as is known.

**SUICIDE AT NORWAY.**  
Mrs. Allen Hennessey, 35 years of age, who has been employed at the Bethel Hotel in Norway, was found dead at her home about a mile from town, Sunday, having taken her life by swallowing carbolic acid. Dependence is given as the cause. She leaves a husband and one child, both of whom were away at the time.

**Is It Your Own Hair?**  
Do you pin your hair to your own hair? Can't do it? Haven't enough hair? It must be you do not know Ayer's Hair Vigor! Here's an introduction! May the acquaintance result in a heavy growth of rich, thick, glossy hair! Use this splendid hair-food, stop your falling hair, and get rid of your dandruff.  
The best kind of a testimonial—  
"Sold for over thirty years."  
**Ayer's**  
LAWSONIA  
MAINE  
MAINE















## WEST STONEHAM.

A party of five from Massachusetts enjoyed life in Adams cottage last week.

J. C. Sawyer and Ralph W. Fitts of Haverhill, Mass., one of the inmates of the Adams cottage went fishing last Wednesday over to Haverhill Pond and caught 29 nice pickers.

Arthur Stone and family of Cambridge, Mass., are at their beautiful summer home on Rattlesnake Island. Blanch and Goldie Adams are working for Mrs. Will Farrington at Lovell Creek.

Lots of the farmers had quantities of bayberries in the rain of last week. Blueberries are getting ripe and report says they will be quite plenty back on the mountains.

Augustus Andrews and little son, Howard, visited his parents last Sunday.

Herbert Adams has one of the finest gardens as well as one of the earliest in this vicinity, having had new potatoes, cucumbers, green peas and string beans, beets, radishes and lettuce.

J. C. Sawyer has had sweet corn tassel and silks for several days. The wind last Saturday blew a good many apples off the trees besides injuring corn and other crops.

Frederick McAllister of Bartlett has taken Wm. Hammon's bay to eat. Hammon's barbers are thick as mosquitoes.

## BRYANT'S POND.

Mrs. Edward Stanley and baby of Bethel are staying with Mrs. Stanley's mother, Mrs. J. L. Hawker.

Bryant's Pond and West Paris ball teams played their first game here Saturday, in Row's field. West Paris won by a score of 14 to 4. The team will soon have a game with Haverhill.

James Edwards of Auburn preached at the Baptist church last Sunday, and Rev. J. C. Church of St. Lawrence University, at the Universalist. Aug. 4.

Rev. W. H. Gould of the Second Universalist church in Portland will preach services being held at 3 p. m.

The Whitman party who have been staying at Pine Point cottage have returned to Haverhill, Mass.

Melrose E. Cole, conductor on the Maine Central, visited his cousin, Mr. Cole, Sunday.

Mr. Ed Coffey returned to Boston Saturday.

The Universalist grove meeting will be held at Dearborn's grove Wednesday, Aug. 31. The speakers will be announced later.

There was a social dance at Dudley's Open House Friday evening, with fair attendance. Music was furnished by Mrs. Hammond of Boston.

Charles H. Perham is quite sick with an abscess on his leg.

## GILEAD.

Miss Katharine Ricker of Shelburne, N. H., is visiting with Miss Edith Penhaly.

Mr. T. M. Foney of Berlin, N. H., has been visiting friends in town.

Mr. James Mason, station agent, who has been for some time under treatment of the Victoria Hospital, Montreal, is steadily improving, and hopes to return home in a short time.

Mr. Helen Coffin is slowly gaining strength.

Mr. Albert Fairwell was kicked by one of his horses one day last week, causing a painful laceration.

Charles Forbes is at work haying at Mr. Blake's.

Miss Imogene Barnham of Boston is spending a short vacation with her mother.

Mr. Willard Jewett of Gorham made a flying visit to town one day last week.

Rennett Tavern is to be opened this week.

Mr. Oscar Robinson and wife were in town Sunday.

Rev. W. H. Forbes, who has been spending a vacation in Boston and vicinity, is expected home this week.

## RUMFORD.

Mrs. Thompson and two children are boarding at May Day's.

Mrs. George Farver is on the sick list.

Charles Barker has returned to Auburn.

Mr. and Mrs. Del Rowe are visiting at V. D. Cole's.

Fred Stevens passed away Wednesday morning. The services were the 25th, at his late home, conducted by the Rev. Mr. Webber of Rumford Falls. Fred will be missed by the children as well as older ones.

Mary Abbott spent a few days at Leslie Mundy's. She is at South Portland.

Nellie Abbott has been sick with a cold.

## NEWBY.

Mrs. Mattie Witham from Denmark is staying a few days at A. H. Powers'.

Ira Bennett is at work for A. B. Frost, haying.

Miss Mattie Gibson from Bethel visited at A. B. Frost's last week.

Don Smith is visited by his mother and sister of Bethel.

## MAGALLOWAY.

Mr. Leon Bennett passed through this town Thursday on his way to Eroll.

George Bennett and Jesse Eliot are working for Lewis Leavitt, haying.

Miss Grace Adamson, who has been visiting her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Leavitt, returned to her home at East Bethel.

Last Monday was the only hay day for the week, so most of those who commenced that day have hay still out.

Mrs. Lewis Leavitt went to Eroll Wednesday.

Lillian Littlehale is staying with Mrs. Bean while Miss Erickson visits her sister at Wilson's Mills.

Stella Crimmins, who has been working for Mrs. Farham at Wilson's Mills, went to her home at the diamond farm for a vacation.

## NOTICE.

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed executor of the last will and testament of Mary E. Howard, late of Haverhill, in the County of Oxford, deceased. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereon are requested to make payment immediately.

JOSHUA R. HOWARD.

July 16th, 1907.

THAT BARREL OF APPLES.

"I wish to speak to you about that barrel of apples I bought day before yesterday," said the kind-looking old gentleman.

"You'll have to see the clerk who sold them to you," the grocer answered very snappishly. "I don't know anything about them."

"But I desire to say to you personally that—"

"Now, look here, I can't be bothered over every pound of sugar or pint of elder or barrel of apples that my clerk sells. Just see the young man who waited on you. He's around somewhere."

"Yes, I see him there at the back end of the store; but I really felt that it was my duty to tell you about it. You see—"

"If I stood around listening to everybody who comes into this store to complain that they've bought something they didn't want or that they've been slighted, as they think, by my clerk, I wouldn't have time for anything else. You'll please excuse me."

The clerk will hereupon complain, and if there is anything that we can do you may be sure it will be done. But we can't take back a barrel of apples after they have been out of the store two or three days. You can surely see that if we did business in such a way—"

"My dear sir, I don't want you to take back the apples and I haven't any complaint to make. I merely wished to tell you that I found the apples at the bottom of the barrel to be just as big as the ones at the top. I believe in the principle of giving praise wherever it may be fairly given, and I stepped in to order another barrel, but I see you're too busy to bother with such a trifle this morning, so I will be going."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Surprise.

Westerner (in eastern village).—Say, I want a shave, but I can't find no barbershop open.

Resident.—This is Sunday and all business stops on Sunday.

"Huh! Don't the barbers do no shaving on Sunday?"

"Only in cases of necessity. They are allowed to shave dead men."

"Waal, by gum! This is the first time I ever struck a place where a man who needed a shave on Sunday was expected to kill himself just—N. Y. Weekly.

Warnings.

Mrs. Stubb—I notice so many married men save the receipted milliner bills. What use do they make of them?

Mr. Stubb—Charity.

Mrs. Stubb—Charity?

Mr. Stubb—Yes; they are sent around to the bachelor clubs to warn any reckless member who might be thinking about plunging into the sea of matrimony.—Chicago Daily News.

Shameful Waste.

Thirsty Thomas—Corn is all right for makin' booze, but dere ought to be a law agin wastin' it.

Hungry Harvey—Wastin' booze?

Thirsty Thomas—Now; agin wastin' corn. Dis paper sez dey are makin' soap out uv it now.—Chicago Daily News.

THE ROAD TO SUCCESS.

The youthful Jockemill stood in the august presence of the great editor. With trembling fingers he untied the string around his batch of jokes and laid them on the editor's desk.

"I have brought you some jokes," he said, with unsteady voice. "Would you care to look them over?"

"We have no use whatever for new jokes," replied the editor gruffly, as he turned to other work on his desk.

"But these," said the young Jockemill, "are not new. Some of them are at least 25 years old."

"With a cry of joy the great editor grasped the Jockemill's hand, accepted the jokes, and handed him a pure five-cent Havana, union made cigar.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

In Darkest Africa.

"Your highness," announced the royal adviser, "the white explorer begs the permission to penetrate your kingdom. He says he will cure much sickness by distributing cough medicine on his way."

"Very hearty," replied King Gumbo, with a broad grin. "All the white men try to make us poor savages cough up. Back to the elephant grove with him!"

And then the king ordered the sounding of the war drum.

## TIMBER HAS MANY USES.

Value of Standing Wood That Has Been Through Flames.

The traveler who has wondered why some use is not made of the timber that has been fire-killed all over the country will be interested to learn that the United States Forest Service at the University of Washington, Seattle, has discovered a means of utilizing this timber, which in the past has largely gone to waste.

In testing fire-killed timber—that is, timber which had its bark destroyed by a fire not severe enough to entirely consume the tree, and which left it standing—it was found to be thoroughly sound and, to all intents and purposes, thoroughly seasoned lumber. It was determined that if such lumber is cut within the first year after it is injured it can be used for any purpose for which the original wood is satisfactory, but it allowed to stand the timber checks so badly that it cannot be worked up to advantage.

It has also been disclosed by investigations undertaken that good railroad ties have been made from timber that in some instances was killed 50 years ago.—Philadelphia Record.

THE BANDAGE SLIPPED OFF.

Thereby Exposing a Ruse to Save the Family Pride.

A Kansas City professional man, who is prominently identified with Missouri politics, tells the following story on himself: "My folks moved from Indiana to Johnson county, Missouri, when I was six years of age. We settled on a farm near Holden. The first Sunday we were there, and while the family was preparing for Sunday school, it was discovered that I did not have any shoes. My mother, realizing that 'folks would talk' if one of her children made his first public appearance barefooted, suggested that I have a cloth tied around one foot to create the impression that I was unable to wear shoes because of a sore foot. So the rag was tied on me. Everything went along smoothly and I learned all about what my folks' bears eating the bad children was, when I heard a snicker from a boy I afterwards liked. He was pointing to my right foot. I was pointing to my right foot. The rag had slipped off and my mother's ruse was exposed."

Out of Work.

One of the senators from Georgia tells of a dandy in that state who sought work at the hands of a white man. The latter inquired whether the negro had a boat. Upon being answered in the affirmative, he said: "You see that driftwood down the stream?"

"Yes, sir," the negro answered.

"Well, you see that driftwood down the stream?"

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## WATCH For ATHERTON'S August Clearance Sale.

It will be worth Dollars to those who have any furniture to buy.

Consider the offer that we make here and then consult us for estimates on any amount of furnishings whether for one room or the whole house.

\$36.50 Will furnish your dining room with the following articles:

1 Oak Sideboard, 1 6 ft. Dining Table, 6 Dining Chairs, 20 yds. Oilcloth, 1 12 piece Dinner Set, 2 Window Shades.

We Pay Freight. Cash or Easy Terms.

ATHERTON FURNITURE COMPANY,

220 Lisbon St., Lewiston, Me.

Agents for Standard Sewing Machines.



## Clicquot Club Ginger Ale

(PRONOUNCED "CLIK-O") The finest, purest, most wholesome Summer Drink. Made of Pure Imported Ginger and Water from our famous spring at Mills, Mass. Ask your dealer for it. If he does not have it we will tell you where you can get it. CLICQUOT CLUB CO. . . . . MILLIS, MASS.

2 BLACK STALLIONS 2 El Sable, 28,046 and his son Sable Prince, 2.28 1-4.

Champion 3 year old trotting race stallion of Maine will stand for service at Bethel, Maine, 1907.

For Terms address,

L. A. HALL Bethel, Me.

## NEXT SUNDAY EXCURSION

TO RANGELEY LAKES

VIA THE Maine Central R. R.

	Leaves	To Rangeley Falls and Return	To Oquossoc and Return
LEWISTON,	7:25 A. M.		\$2.00
POLAND,	8:00		2.00
MECHANIC FALLS,	8:15	\$1.25	2.00
BUCKFIELD,	8:30		1.75
CANTON,	8:45		1.50
DIXFIELD,	9:00		1.25
RUMFORD FALLS,	9:15		1.00
OQUOSSOC (RANGELEY LAKES)	11:05		

Connection is made at Oquossoc with steamer to and from Rangeley giving time for a beautiful sail the entire length of Rangeley Lake and three hours for dinner at Rangeley Lake House and night coach. Returning leave Oquossoc 5:35 p. m., arriving Mechanic Falls 6:25 p. m., Lewiston 7:05 p. m. Tickets at ONE FARE/THE ROUND TRIP will also be sold from and to intermediate stations where trains are scheduled to stop. Passengers from Bethel Grand Trunk Ry. can connect with this train at Mechanic Falls both going and returning.

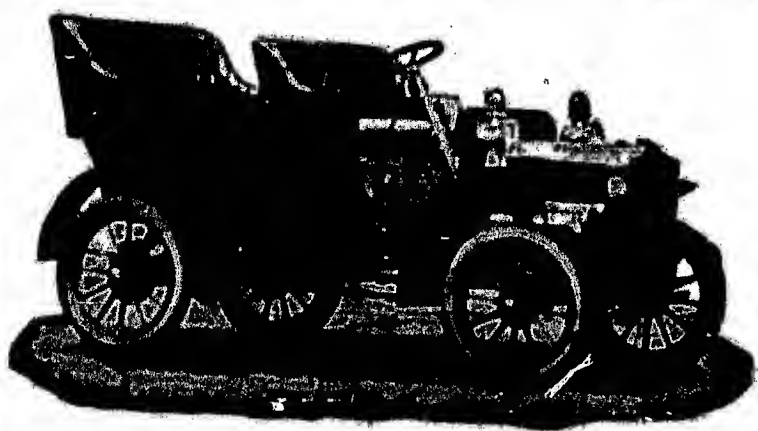
Both of The

## Maxwell

Cars entered in the

"SEALED BONNET"

Contest made PERFECT scores



One was a 12-14 H. P. Tourabout, and the other a 15-Passenger, 16-20 H. P. Touring Car, both of them ordinary stock cars.

Although the "MAXWELL" was by no means the only car to finish this peculiarly exacting test with a perfect score, we want to call your especial attention to the fact that this "MAXWELL" Touring Car costing only \$1,450.00, and the Tourabout, costing only \$1,250.00, performed every bit as well as the successful cars which cost three and four times as much.

The "MAXWELL" also swept the entire field of light cars at the great Wilkes-Barre and Bridgeport hill climbs.

The "MAXWELL" holds the 3,000-mile non-stop record of the world, won the Deming Trophy in the Glidden Tour of 1906, and has won endurance contest after contest.

HERRICK BROS., Bethel, Me.

Agents for Oxford County.







# FRIDAY The 13th

By Thomas W. L.

## Chapter I.

"Friday, the 13th; I thought as much, if Bob had started, there will be hell, but I will see what I can do." The sound of my voice as I dropped the receiver seemed to part the mist of five years and usher me into the world of Then as though it had never passed on.

I had been sitting in my office, letting the tape slide through my fingers while its every yard spelled "panic" in a constantly rising voice, when they told me that Browney was at the phone, and "quick," Browney was our junior partner and floor man. He talked with a rush. Stock exchange floor men in panics never let their speech hobble.

"Mr. Randolph, it's starting over here, and it's getting hotter every second. It's Bob—that is evident to all. If he keeps up this pace for 20 minutes longer, the sulphur will overflow the street and get into the lungs and into the country, and no man can tell how much territory will be burned over by tomorrow. The boys have begged me to ask you to throw yourself into the breach and stay him. They agree you are the only hope now."

"Are you sure, Fred, that this is Bob's work?" I asked. "Have you seen him?"

"Yes, I have just come from his

had been fingering the tape, watching five and ten millions crumbling from price values every few minutes. I was sure this was the work of Bob Brownley. No one else in Wall street had the power, the nerve, and the devilish cruelty to rip things as they had been ripped during the last 20 minutes. The night before I had passed Bob in the theater lobby. I gave him close scrutiny and saw the look of which I of all men best knew the meaning. The big brown eyes were set on space; the outer corners of the handsome mouth were drawn hard and tense as though weighted. As I had my wife with me it was impossible to follow him, but when I got home I called up his house and his elms, intending to ask him to run up and smoke a cigar with me, but could locate him nowhere. I tried again in the morning without success, but when just before noon the tape began to jump and flash and snarl, I remembered Bob's ugly mood, and all it portended.

Fred Brownley was Bob's youngest brother, 12 years his junior. He had been with Randolph & Randolph from the day he left college, and for over a year had been our most trusted stock exchange man. Bob Brownley, when himself, was as fond of his "baby brother," as he called him, as his beautiful southern mother was of both; but when the devil had posses-

Nineteen years ago I was graduated from Harvard. My classmates and I, Bob Brownley, of Richmond, Va., was graduated with me. He was class poet, 1. yard marshal. We had been four years together at St. Paul's previous to entering Harvard. No girl and lover were fonder than we of each other.

My people had money and to spare, and with it a hard-headed, northern horse sense. The Brownleys were poor as church mice, but they had the brilliant, virile blood of the old southern oligarchy and the romantic, "glorious-to-be" Dixie-land pride of before-the-war days, when southern prodigality and hospitality were found wherever women were fair and men's mirrors in the bottom of their julep glasses.

Bob's father, one of the big, white pillars of southern aristocracy, had gone through congress and the senate of his country to the tune of "Spend and Not Spare," which left his widow and three younger daughters and a small son dependent upon Bob, his eldest.

Many a warm summer afternoon, as Bob and I paddled down the Charles, and often on a cold, crisp night as we sat in my shooting-box on the Cape Cod shore, had we matched up for our future. I wanted to have the inside run of the great banking business of Randolph & Randolph, and Bob was eventually to represent my father's firm on the floor of the stock exchange. "I'd die in an office," Bob used to say, "and the floor of the stock exchange is just the chimney-place to roast my hoo-cake in." So when our college days were over my able old father stood up against the wall in his office, and tried us by his tests, and proud we both were by his dead said: "Jim, you and Bob have chosen well. You, Jim, are just the chap to step into my shoes, and Bob is cut to a third-second and sixty-fourth for the floor. Proud we were, not so much because of what my father's decision meant for our future, for we knew we should go into the business all right, but because our judge, when we were in the business, was so much more than a mere business affairs.

Bob was then 22 and I a year older—I was of my raw-boned New England kind, not much for prettiness, but willing to weight in race-day with any of the fat, staidness and sturdiness of the old New England stock. They made them, six feet tall, in his gym sandals straight as an arrow, with the form of an Indian, and one of those clean, brave, all-for-heart-which men yield willing friendliness, and women, fidelity. Bob's eyes were as big and round and purple-brown as an English bulldog's, unfathomable, at once mild and stern, with a childish comeliness and a childlike straight as though chiseled by a master for a Greek medallion, with thin curved lips to correspond, and a high broad forehead, whose whiteness was set off by a luxuriance of hair that seemed jet-black, but was of the same rare purple-brown as his eyes. But it was the poise of Bob's head that gave his good looks their crown. Who ever has seen a bunch of two-year-old colts in a long-gone Kentucky paddock, when the dark boy lets loose his shrill whistle at "taking-up time," is sure to remember one that threw up its head and kept it poised to make sure it had caught the call. Grace, strength and unharassed wayward leadership are there personified. Some such suggestion was over in the carriage of Bob's shapely head and vigorous figure, and dull indeed would be the man or woman who failed to recognize the man's rare distinction and masterfulness.

Indeed, as I said a bit back, Bob Brownley was by all odds one of the handsomest men I have ever seen, but besides that, he was a sterling, manly, unaffected fellow, as true as steel, as brave as a lion and the best comrade friend ever had. Perhaps it was because his father's death had saddled Bob's youth with the heavy responsibilities of husband and father, and that his family's finances that he took business as a matter of course. We entered the office of Randolph & Randolph on the same day, and on its anniversary, a year later, my father summoned us into his office for a sort of tally-up talk. Neither of us quite knew what was coming, and we thrilled with pleasure when he said: "Jim, you and Bob have fairly outdone my expectations. I have had my eye on both of you and I want you to know that the kind of industry and business intelligence you have shown here would have won you recognition in any banking house on the street. I want you both in the firm—Jim to learn his way round so he can step into my shoes; you, Bob, to take one of the firm's seats on the stock exchange."

Bob's face went red and then pale with happiness as he reached for my father's hand.

"I'm very grateful to you, sir, far more so than words can say, but I want to talk this proposition of yours over with Jim here first. He knows me better than anyone else in the world, and I've some ideas I'd like to thrash out with him."

"Speak up here, Bob," said my father.

(To be continued.)

On the Complaint.

His Mother—But I thought you said your wife could cook.

His Mother—She can.

His Mother—Then what are you grumbling about?

His Mother—She won't—Chicago Daily News.

## MIXED UP THE PRESENTS.

Bride in Frightful State of Unrest Because of Carelessness.

"We have some funny experiences in June right when the wedding is the thickest," remarked a jeweler, "but I never had anything quite like that one—nothing exactly like it," as he jerked his head in the direction of an alarm-eyed little woman who had just slipped out the front door.

"She came in with about four packages, one large and one small, and a bowl, soup ladle and silver bread box for me to identify. Of course, she could tell where they were bought by the boxes. She said she had got all mixed up on who gave them to her—lost the cards or something—and unless I could remember who bought them she would be up against it—wouldn't know who to thank for the things."

"It happened that I knew the woman who bought the salad fork and I remembered selling the bread box to a man whose name I didn't know. I gave her a description of him, and after a while she gurgled, 'Oh, yes, I know now.' So that fixed two of them for her. The clerk that sold the other two things couldn't remember what the people looked like that bought them, and she'll just have to write to the most likely people and thank them, without mentioning just what for."

"I've had people come in to inquire the price of things, but that's the first request for identification of that sort."

WHERE IS "DICKENS' SLAB?"

Famous Piece of Mahogany Has Disappeared From St. Louis.

"I would like to know," said an old saloon man of St. Louis, "what has become of the famous mahogany slab that once formed the bar counter of the old Planter's house. People called it the Dickens slab, because when the novelists were in this city he staid at the Planter's house, and they do say that he spent a good deal of his time writing his elbow on that slab, which therefore went by his name. When the Planter's house was taken down the big mahogany slab nearly 20 feet long, three feet wide and two or three inches thick, was bought by a saloon man, but his house, a few years later, came under the hands of the wreckers, and the Dickens slab disappeared. A piece of mahogany like that could hardly be bought now for any figure, for mahogany is among the costliest of woods and now used only for veneering. The slab would be worth several hundred dollars to a furniture maker, but more than this to somebody who cherished old associations, for while that slab was in the Planter's every old citizen of St. Louis who drank at all, and every celebrity who came to town, help to shine the elbows of his coat by friction on that slab."

Nature-Faking Fads.

To print a photograph on an apple no sensitizer is used, only the delicate art of "nature-faking." The necessary is an apple tree bearing a fruit which rapidly ripens as it becomes ripe and a little film negative of your loved one. Stick the film to the sunny side of the apple with white of egg and let nature do its work.

The whole apple may be incased in a black paper bag and a vignette cut over the film part, which adds to the effect.

Young ladies who go to the seaside to acquire a summer coat of tan have made use of the same "sensitizer" to imprint on their arm a photograph of their father or brother.

The Flare Old Grizzly.

The grizzly has now become so rare that even his habits and history are frequently misstated, and by those who should speak with authority. It is a very common supposition that he is an animal of exclusive and solitary nature, who wanders alone along the snowline of the Sierra and the Rockies, descending only occasionally upon predatory visits to the valleys.

As Thomas G. Mosby points out in Harper's Weekly, a grizzly is now being exterminated, and he inhabits the snowline because he has been driven from valley and plain, and there is nowhere else to go.

A Word for White-Headed Herons.

The world will ever have its youthful prodigies, but with age come reason and experience. The world will ever welcome youthful enthusiasm, but the governing heads must be seasoned with the years. We can ill afford to part with our heroes because the hand of time has whitened the hair, for beneath the hoary locks is the seasoned brain that has helped successfully to guide the course of the American ship of state.—St. Louis Republic.

Wrong Guess.

"Ah!" said the doctor, "you ride a great deal in the trolley cars, you say?"

"Yes, sir," replied the new patient.

"I see. Your trouble is due to your sedentary habits. Now, when you're at work, what do you do?"

"I'm a motorman."—Philadelphia Press.

Putting Him Next.

"When a new baby arrives at a man's house what is the proper thing to do?"

"If it is the first one, write him a note of congratulation; if it is anything over two, write him a note of condolence."—Illustrated Post.

## WIT AND WISDOM.

A Journalistic Phenomenon.

Hack Writer (on Daily Blowhard)—Please don't disturb me now, dear. I've got a column editorial to write on "The Marvelous Success of the Daily Blowhard, the Phenomenon of Modern Journalism."

His Wife—I only wanted to ask you for a little money to buy bread and milk for the children.

H. W.—Very sorry, my dear, but I haven't a cent. The Daily Blowhard hasn't paid any salaries for three weeks.—N. Y. Weekly.

Bad sick headaches, biliousness or constipation are quickly relieved by DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Small pill, sure pill, safe pill—prompt and pleasant in action. Sold by H. S. Pushard.

Nothing But the Truth.

Bancum—My physician tells me I am working too hard.

Mark—The M. D. evidently knows his business.

Bancum—Why do you think so?

Mark—I have been comparing notes with a few of our mutual friends and I find you have worked me pretty hard.

—Chicago Daily News.

"My child was burned terribly about the face, neck and chest. I applied Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. The pain ceased and the child sank into a restful sleep."—Mrs. Nancy M. Hanson, Hamburg, N. Y.

Father Time's Joke.

Father Time had stopped to sharpen his scythe.

"Why," exclaimed the Fool Killer, who was close at hand, "you look thinner than when I met you last."

Father Time laughed.

"In that case," he replied, "I suppose you would shade to me as spare time."—Chicago Daily News.

Talk about your breakfast foods.

A thousand you can see I would not have them as a gift.

But would have Rocky Mountain Tea.

W. E. Besserman.

An Appropriate Motto.

Century Sculptor—You wish a monument to your aunt? Yes, sir. I knew your dear, departed relative very well, sir. She was all her life a beautiful housekeeper in my neighborhood. Do you wish a motto inscribed on it, sir?

Englishman—Oh, yes. Put on "Please to be disturbed."—N. Y. Week.

A cleaning, clean, cooling, soothing, healing household remedy—DeWitt's Catarrhal Witch Hazel Salve. For burns, cuts, scratches, bruises, insect bites, and sore feet it is unequalled. Good for Piles. Beware of imitations. Get DeWitt's. It is the best. Sold by H. S. Pushard.

Didn't Want Her to Come.

Wife—Hear, dear, to-morrow is mother's birthday, and I'm thinking of sending her a nice traveling bag.

Husband—Don't, for Heaven's sake! She may take it for an invitation!

Don't use harsh physics. The reaction weakens the bowels, leads to chronic constipation. Get Doan's Regulator. They operate easily, ease the stomach, cure constipation.

More Tremendous Finance.

Brown—I just made four dollars.

Green—How did you do it?

Brown—Short wanted to borrow five and I finally compromised by lending him one.

Thousands of people are daily suffering with kidney and bladder troubles—dangerous ailments that should be checked promptly. DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are the best remedy for backache, weak kidneys, inflammation of the bladder. Their action is prompt and sure. A week's treatment for \$35. Sold by H. S. Pushard.

An Inexpensive Bird.

Young Lady—That parrot you sold me last week doesn't talk at all.

Dealer—Yes, am; you said you wanted one that wouldn't be an annoyance to the neighbors.—N. Y. Weekly.

Your brain goes on a strike when you overload your stomach; both need blood to do business. Nutrilite is what you want, and it comes by taking Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 25 cents, Tea or Tablets. W. E. Besserman.

Dart Protector.

Gambler—That is a very polite pointer they have on this train.

Geyer—But!

Gambler—Yes; before he begins to break you down he hands you a pair of automobile goggles.—Chicago Daily News.

Columbus just landed, meeting a big Indian chief with a package under his arm. He asked what it was. "Great medicine," Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea," said the Indian. 25 cents, Tea or Tablets. W. E. Besserman.

## Healthy.

Mrs. Caller—I suppose your new neighbor is a very entertaining woman. She has been abroad so long and has seen everything worth seeing.

Mrs. Illington—On the contrary, I find her quite tiresome. Why, she actually hasn't anything at all the matter with her.—Chicago Daily News.

Can't Look Well, Eat Well or Feel Well with Impure Blood Feeding Your Body. Keep the blood pure with Burdock Blood Bitters. Eat simply, take exercise, keep clean and you will have long life.

Some One Liked Them.

"What do you think of Dauber's pictures? Pretty bad, aren't they?"

"Yes; and yet I know one man who thinks them very fine, and who owns a lot of them."

"Who, for goodness' sake?"

"Dauber."—Royal Magazine.

Nearly all old-fashioned cough syrups are constipating, especially those that contain opiates. They don't act just right. Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup contains no opiates. It drives the cold out of the system by gently moving the bowels. Contains Honey and Tar and tastes nearly as good as maple syrup. Children like it. Sold by H. S. Pushard.

Brutal with Ideas.

"Your husband is not looking well to night, Mrs. Rhymer."

"He isn't, and I'm not at all surprised at it."

"Not! Has he been overworking himself lately?"

"It isn't that so much; it's his originality. Why, that man is struck with as many original ideas that his mind must be one mass of bruises."—Royal Magazine.

Piles get quick and certain relief from Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. Its action is positive and certain. Itching, painful, protruding or blind piles disappear like magic by its use. Large nickel-capped glass jars 50 cents. Sold by H. S. Pushard.

A Serious Matter.

Young Wife—What? Do you mean to say your brother and his wife have given up housekeeping and gone to boarding?

Husband—Yes, but what difference does that make?

Young Wife—Oh, nothing; only in about a week or so they'll be dropping in every day to meals.—N. Y. Weekly.

When there is the slightest indication of indigestion, heart burn, flatulence or any form of stomach trouble take a little Kodol occasionally and you will be afforded prompt relief. Kodol is a compound of vegetable acids and contains the juices found in a healthy stomach. Kodol digests what you eat, makes your food do you good. Sold by H. S. Pushard.

Nature's Critic.

Mrs. Gulliver—What a lovely rainbow that is!

Mrs. Nurich—Do you think so?

Mrs. Gulliver—Why, don't you?

Mrs. Nurich—Oh, I dare say it's all very well, but the colors are too loud for my taste.

When the baby is teething it is cross and restless; it becomes feverish, and in many cases vomits a great deal and sometimes cannot even keep cool water on the stomach. All the delicate little organs of the stomach are affected, bringing on colic and diarrhea. CASCARET for babies and children makes the stomach right and allays inflammation and prevents irritation. CASCARET makes the baby happy and well. Sold by H. S. Pushard.

Self-Protection.

"Why," asked the inquisitive person, "do some of your writers sign their articles, while others do not?"

"Those who do not," explained the magazine editor, "threatened to quit unless the other articles were signed."—Chicago Daily News.

Illness, eczema, itch or salt rheum sets you crazy. Can't bear the touch of your clothing. Doan's Ointment cures the most obstinate cases. Why suffer. All druggists sell it.

Wanted Efforts.

"One is as foolish as the other," remarked the audible thinker.

"What are you talking about?" queried the party of the interlocutor's part.

"The woman who is married to a man to reform him and the man who marries a woman to reform her," explained he of the noisy thoughts.—Chicago Daily News.

I'll stop your pain free. To show you first—before you spend a penny—what my Pink Pain Tablets can do, I will mail you free, a Trial Package of them—Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets. Headache, Malaria, Toothache, Period pain, etc. are due alone to blood congestion. Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets simply kill pain by coaxing away the unnatural blood pressure. That is all. Address Dr. Shoop, Keokuk, Wis. Sold by H. S. Pushard.



"Mr. Randolph, it's blazing over here and getting hotter every second."

office, and glad I was to get out. He's on the war-path, Mr. Randolph—after that I ever saw him. The last time he broke loose was child's play to his mood to-day. Mother sent me word this morning that she saw last night the spell was coming. He had been up to see her and sisters, and mother thought from his tone he was about to disappear again. When she told me of his mood, and I remembered the day, I was afraid he might seek his vent here. Also I heard of his being about town till long after midnight. The minute I opened his office door he flew at me like a panther. I told him I had only dropped in on my rounds for an order, as they were running out right smart, and I didn't know but he might like to pick up some bargains. "Bargains!" he roared, "don't you know the day? Don't you know it is Friday, the 13th? Go back to that hellpit and sell, sell, sell! What and how much?" I asked, "Anything, everything. Give the thieves every share they will take, and when they won't take any more, run as much as you can down their throats until they spit up all they have been hoarding for the last three months!" Going out I met Jim Holliday and Frank Brown rushing in. They are evidently executing Bob's orders, and have been pouring out people's cash for a few minutes. So I thought I would call you before I started to sell. Mr. Randolph, they cannot take much more of anything in here, and it begins to throw stocks over. It will bring the gavel inside of ten minutes, and that will be to announce a dozen failures. It's yet 20 minutes to one, and God only knows what will happen before three. It's up to you, Mr. Randolph, to do something, and unless I am on a bad start, you haven't many minutes to lose."

It was then I dropped the receiver with "I think so much!" As I



